

BATMAN AND ROBIN!



BATMAN

No. 140

OCT.

Ten Cents



Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Introducing
A SENSATIONAL
NEW ADVERSARY
OF THE
PARTNERS
IN PERIL-

The Prince of Puzzles

**THE
RIDDLER!**



"Old sweet songs...
and swell new snapshots!"

Snaps capture the
magic of the fireside's spell...so the crowd sings out for more.
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...the film in the familiar
yellow box



Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

CALLING ALL MYSTERY FANS!

WE DEFY YOU TO SOLVE
THESE THREE SINISTER
RIDDLES!

WHO IS THE LATEST
CRIMINAL TO CHALLENGE
BATMAN AND ROBIN
TO A DEADLY GAME
OF WITS?

WHO IS THE VILLAIN
TO USE RIDDLES, JIG-
SAWS, ACROSTICS AND
ALL TYPES OF PUZZLES
TO PERPLEX THE
DYNAMIC DUO?

WHO PLACES **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN** IN A MAZE
OF DOOM WHERE ONLY
COURAGE AND INGENUITY
CAN FATHOM FREEDOM?

THERE IS BUT ONE
ANSWER TO ALL THREE
RIDDLES, AND HIS NAME
IS...

"The RIDDLER"



DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 140. Oct., 1948. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.,

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Printed in U.S.A.

THE CAREER OF THE RIDDLER BEGAN YEARS AGO, WITH A SCHOOL HISTORY CONTEST!

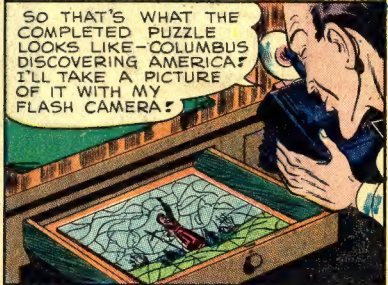
TOMORROW, EACH OF YOU WILL RECEIVE A DISASSEMBLED JIGSAW PUZZLE. THE FIRST TO PUT IT TOGETHER WINS A PRIZE!

I OUGHT TO WIN SURE! AFTER ALL, MY NAME'S EDWARD NIGMA—**E. NIGMA!**



BUT AFTER SCHOOL HOURS, THE BOY SECRETLY, JIMMIED OPEN HIS TEACHER'S DESK...

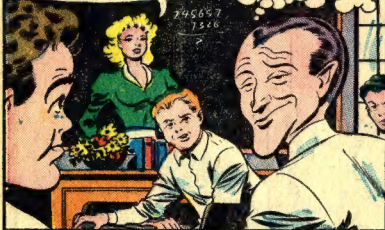
SO THAT'S WHAT THE COMPLETED PUZZLE LOOKS LIKE—COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA! I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF IT WITH MY FLASH CAMERA!



AND NEXT DAY...

EDWARD NIGMA WAS THE FIRST TO SOLVE THE JIGSAW! HE WINS THE PRIZE!

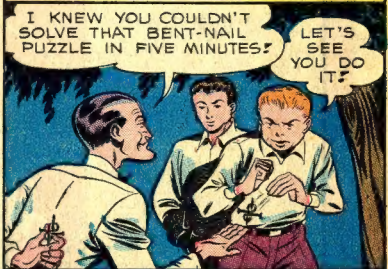
PUZZLES ARE OKAY! I'M GOING TO LEARN HOW TO SOLVE ALL KINDS!



E. NIGMA SOON BECAME KNOWN AS A PUZZLE EXPERT AMONG HIS FRIENDS—WHO DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE CHEATED.

I KNEW YOU COULDN'T SOLVE THAT BENT-NAIL PUZZLE IN FIVE MINUTES!

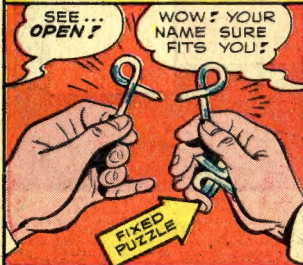
LET'S SEE YOU DO IT!



PALMING THE PUZZLE: WHICH HE'D PREVIOUSLY FIXED SO IT WAS **IMPOSSIBLE** TO OPEN, **E. NIGMA** SUBSTITUTED A **REGULAR** PUZZLE FOR IT, AND...

SEE... OPEN!

WOW! YOUR NAME SURE FITS YOU!



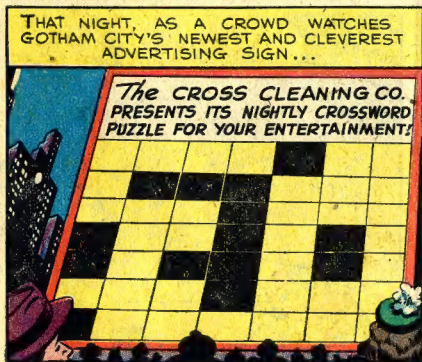
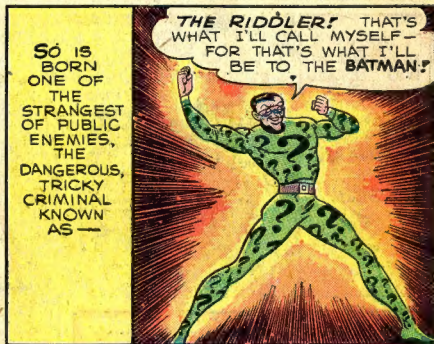
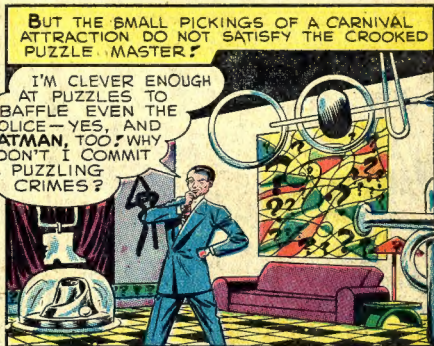
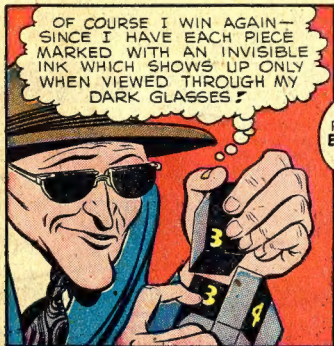
THE BOY WHO CHEATED ON PUZZLES GREW TO BE A PUZZLE EXPERT... AND STILL CHEATED!

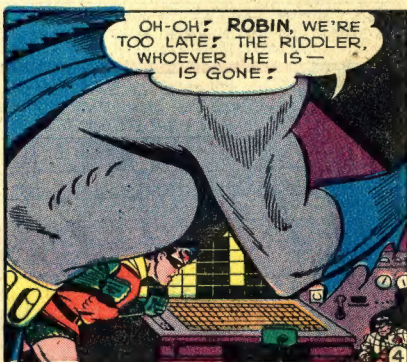
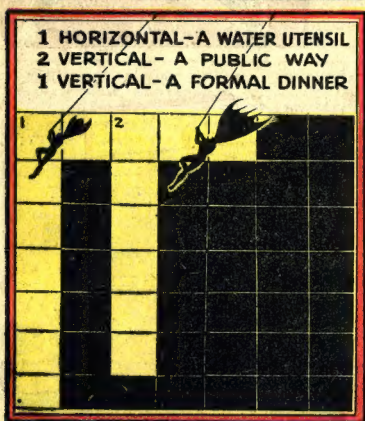
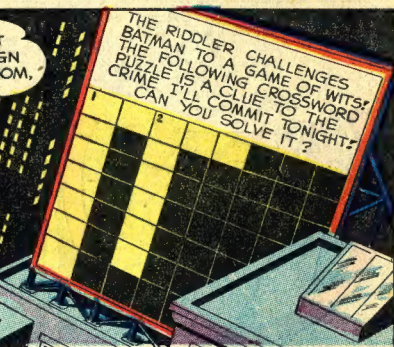
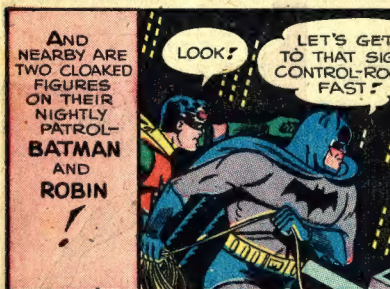
SOLVE THAT CHINESE PUZZLE AND I PAY YOU! IF YOU DON'T AND I DO... THEN YOU PAY ME!

WITS WITH **E. NIGMA** THE PUZZLE KING

I'LL TRY IT!







MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL
ACCEPT HIS
CHALLENGE!
LET'S SEE—A
FIVE-LETTER
WORD FOR
"A WATER
UTENSIL"
THAT WOULD
BE **BASIN**!

THEN THE SIX-
LETTER WORD FOR
"A PUBLIC WAY",
BEGINNING WITH
S, MUST BE
STREET!

BUT WHAT'S A
SEVEN-LETTER
WORD FOR "A
FORMAL DINNER";
STARTING
WITH **B**?

BANQUET! PUT
TOGETHER, IT WOULD
READ **BASIN STREET
BANQUET**! THAT'S IT...
THAT'S THE RIDDLER'S
CRIME CLUE!

THE BIG CIVIC
CHARITY BANQUET
IS BEING HELD IN
A BASIN STREET
HOTEL TONIGHT!
LET'S GO!

I'LL BET
THE RIDDLER
DIDN'T THINK
WE'D SOLVE
HIS PUZZLE
SO
QUICKLY!

SOON AFTER, AT THE BANQUET...

AND AS MAYOR OF GOTHAM CITY, I WILL—
EH? **BATMAN**? WHAT...?

THE RIDDLER...
HAS HE BEEN
HERE YET?



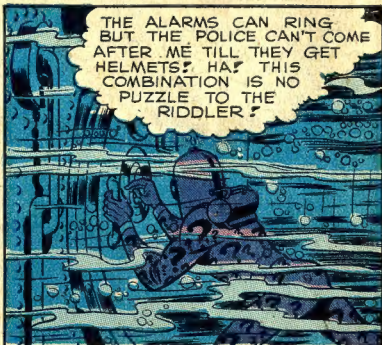
BUT AT THE BANK...

A WATER MAIN WAS CUT TO FLOOD THE BANK'S UNDERGROUND VAULTS! BUT THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN IN THE VAULTS NOW, WEARING A DIVER'S HELMET!

SO THAT'S THE RIDDLER'S SCHEME! GUARD EVERY EXIT! WHEN HE COMES UP—**GRAB HIM!**



THE ALARMS CAN RING BUT THE POLICE CAN'T COME AFTER ME TILL THEY GET HELMETS! HA! THIS COMBINATION IS NO PUZZLE TO THE RIDDLER!



THE RIDDLER HAS ALSO FIGURED OUT HIS ESCAPE FROM A SEEMINGLY PUZZLING TRAP...

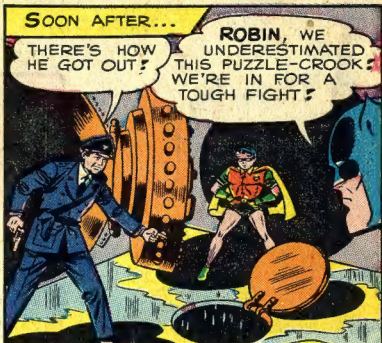
NOW I'LL LET THE WATER DRAIN INTO THE SEWERS—AND TAKE ME WITH IT!



SOON AFTER...

THERE'S HOW HE GOT OUT!

ROBIN, WE UNDERESTIMATED THIS PUZZLE-CROOK! WE'RE IN FOR A TOUGH FIGHT!



LATER...THE LAIR OF THE RIDDLER!

HA! HA! BY THE TIME I'M FINISHED, THE RIDDLER WILL HAVE **BATMAN** BAFFLED!

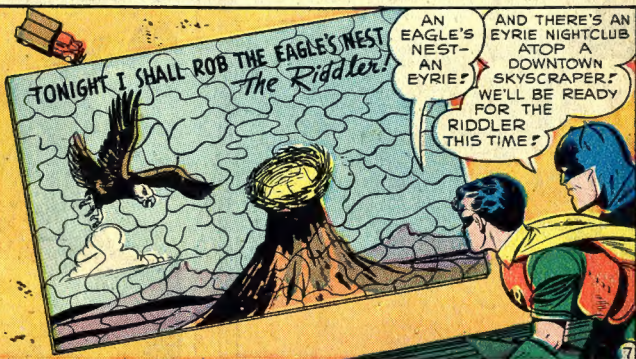
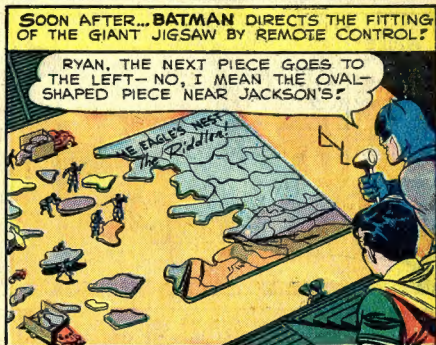
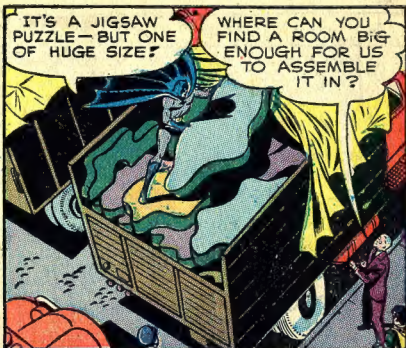


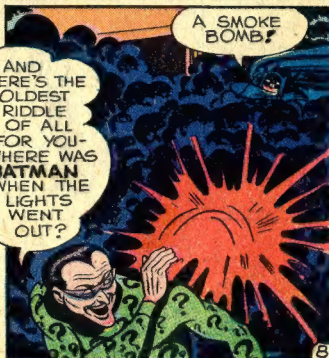
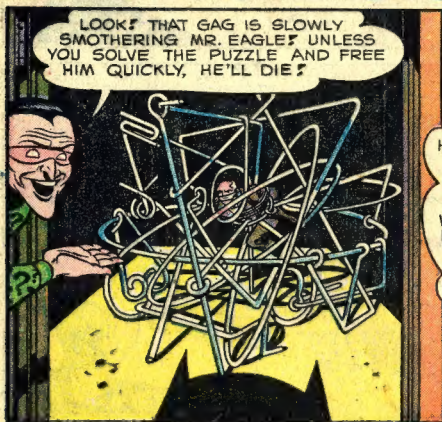
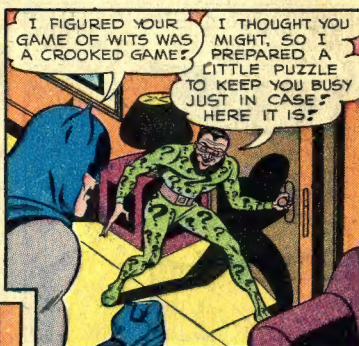
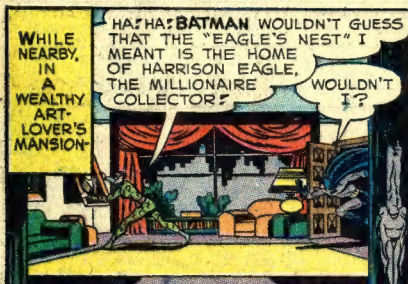
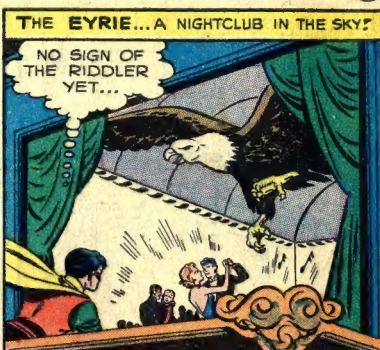
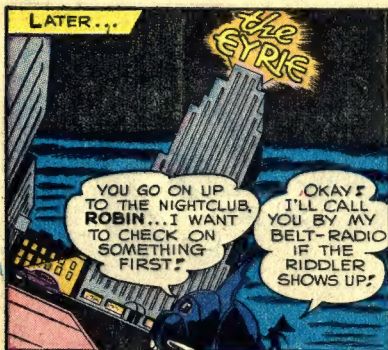
NEXT DAY...

WE WERE HIRED TO BRING THESE TRUCKLOADS AND THIS LETTER TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!

HE'S INSIDE WITH **BATMAN!**

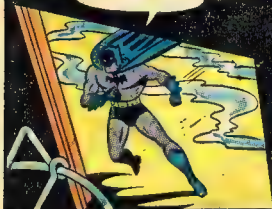






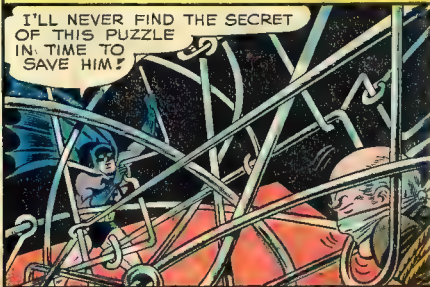
BY THE TIME THE DENSE SMOKE CLEARS...

"THE RIDDLER WILL GET AWAY— AND I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM, KNOWING EAGLE WILL SUFFOCATE INSIDE THAT PUZZLE!"



NOW **BATMAN** MATCHES HIS WITS AGAINST A HIGHLY COMPLEX PUZZLE, WITH A LIFE AT STAKE IF HE FAILS!

"I'LL NEVER FIND THE SECRET OF THIS PUZZLE IN TIME TO SAVE HIM!"



BY CAREFULLY FOLLOWING THE TINY NICKS SHOWING HOW THE RODS WERE FITTED TOGETHER, **BATMAN** UNDOES THE PUZZLE!

JUST IN TIME, TOO!

UHHH!



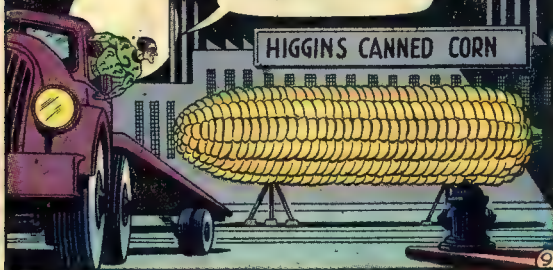
AFTERWARDS... IT IS A GRIM **BATMAN**—WHO REJOINS **ROBIN**!

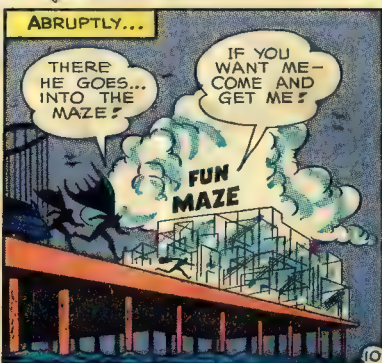
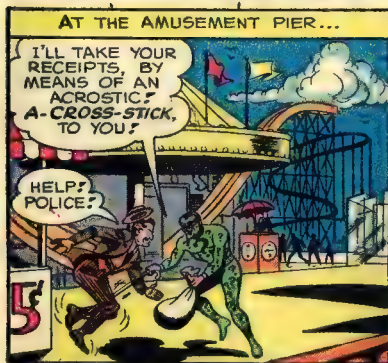
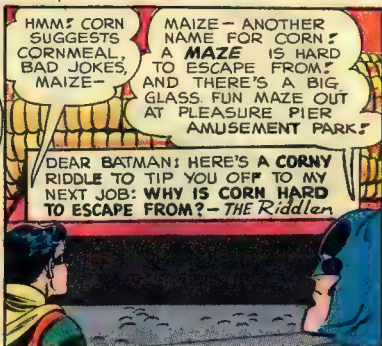
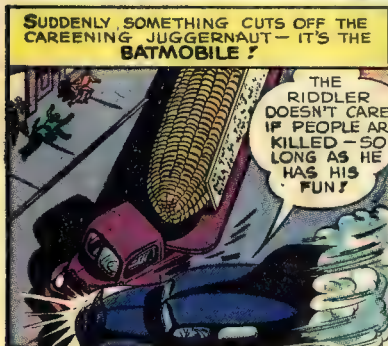
THE RIDDLER'S STAGING A CRIME-CARADE IN THIS TOWN THAT WE'VE GOT TO STOP! THAT MAN'S DANGEROUS!



MEANWHILE...

THAT WILL DO NICELY FOR MY FINAL CHALLENGE TO **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**— A RIDDLE TO RID ME OF THEM— FOR GOOD!







IN THE DEPTHS OF THE GLASS LABYRINTH, THE WIZARD OF QUIZ ELUDES THE GROPING DUO?

OUCH, I RAN INTO ANOTHER PANE!

PANES—AND PAINS—ARE ALL YOU'LL GET FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

NOW TO SLIP BACK OUT BY THE SECRET TRAIL I MARKED!

ONCE OUTSIDE THE MAZE, THE RIDDLER SEALS THE TRAP HE HAS PREPARED!

NOW THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THE MAZE, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THAT! OF COURSE, IT'S UNFAIR... BUT THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS WIN!

I'VE HIDDEN A BOMB IN THE MAZE! IT WILL BLOW UP THE WHOLE MAZE IN A HALF HOUR, AND YOU WITH IT—UNLESS YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY OUT!

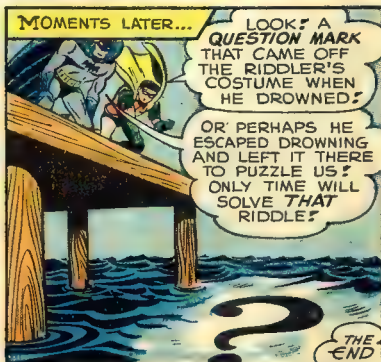
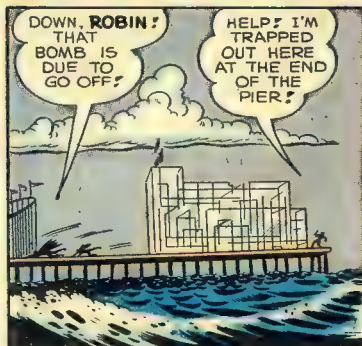
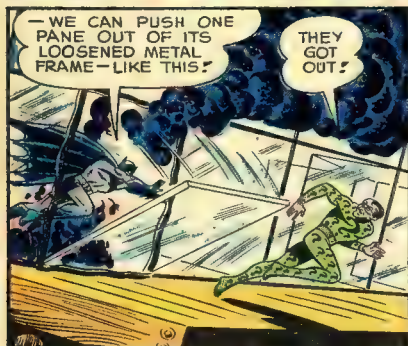
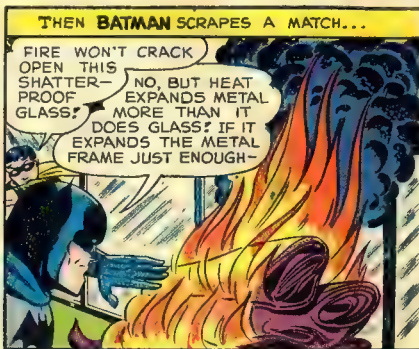
THIS IS SHATTER-PROOF GLASS! WE CAN'T BREAK THROUGH! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THE ENTRANCE WE CAME IN BEFORE!

I'LL SCRATCH THE GLASS PANELS WITH THE DIAMONDS ON MY BADGE! THE "BLAZED" TRAIL IS TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T WANDER IN A CIRCLE!

TENSE MINUTES PASS IN A HOPELESS SEARCH FOR AN EXIT THAT NO LONGER EXISTS!

I'M POSITIVE THIS WAS THE ENTRANCE, BUT IT'S BEEN CLOSED UP BY THE RIDDLER! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

AND HE'S WAITING TO SEE THAT BOMB DESTROY US!



NOPE! TOO WIDE!

CLICK!

MIZE HAS "PHOTO" EYE AT THE PLATE--SELDOM SWINGS AT A BAD PITCH. LAST SEASON JOHNNY "CLICKED" FOR 51 HOME RUNS--AN ALL-TIME NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED BATTERS. HIS AMAZING HOME-RUN OUTPUT ALSO GAINED MIZE A TIE FOR LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.

Johnny **MIZE**

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS

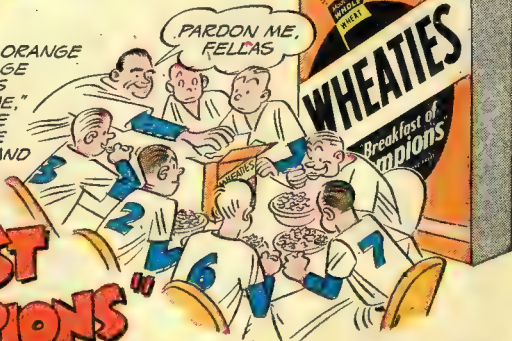
BALL PARK

MIZE MUST'VE HIT THAT ONE--HE EATS WHEATIES!

A REAL FENCE-BUSTER!
JOHNNY DROVE HOME 138 RUNS LAST SEASON TO LEAD ALL NATIONAL LEAGUE HITTERS IN RUNS BATTED IN. FANCY FIELDER, TOO--MIZE'S .996 PERCENTAGE WAS TOPS FOR LEAGUE FIRST-BASEMEN.

"**R**EACHING FOR THAT BIG ORANGE AND BLUE WHEATIES PACKAGE AT THE TRAINING TABLE IS ALMOST AUTOMATIC WITH ME," SAYS JOHNNY MIZE, "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE SWELL-TASTING WITH MILK AND FRUIT. NOURISHING, TOO."

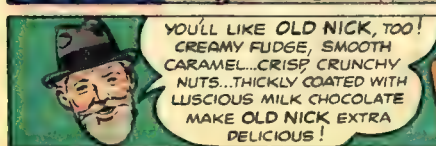
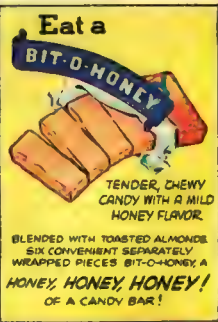
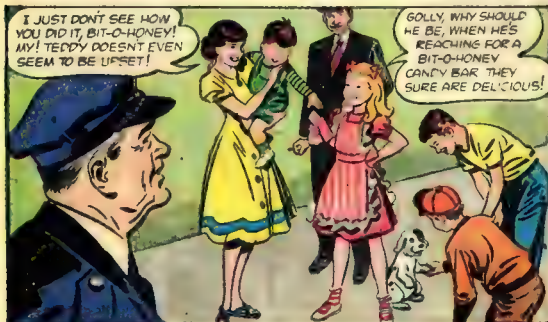
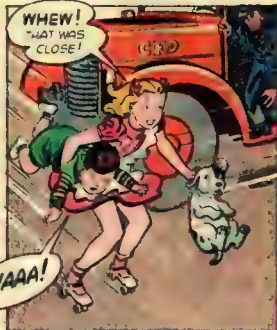
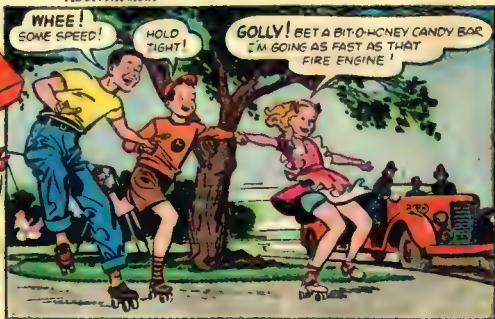
WHEATIES
BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



Meet a



**BIT-O-HONEY
RACES TO THE RESCUE!**





ROBOTMAN

THIS IS HOW
I DEAL WITH
CROOKS - MY
SLEDGEHAMMER
FIST AND MY
L-O-N-G REACH!



EVERYONE HAS A
DOUBLE, THEY SAY.
PAUL DENNIS, ALIAS
ROBOTMAN, IS NO EXCEP-
TION! AND A CASE OF
MISTAKEN IDENTITY LEADS
INTO AN AMAZING MYSTERY
WHICH ONLY **ROBOTMAN**
CAN SOLVE! BUT THERE IS
NO DOUBLE FOR **ROBOTMAN**,
MIGHTY MAN OF METAL,
AS HE COPES WITH CRIME,
CONSTRUCTION
AND...

PAUL DENNIS, ALIAS **ROBOTMAN**, MAKES HIS WAY
ALONG DESERTED NIGHT STREETS WHEN...



HEY,
WHAT
IS
THIS—?

DON'T ACT
INNOCENT, PAL!
TALK—OR
ELSE!

ROBOTMAN'S DOUBLE TROUBLE!

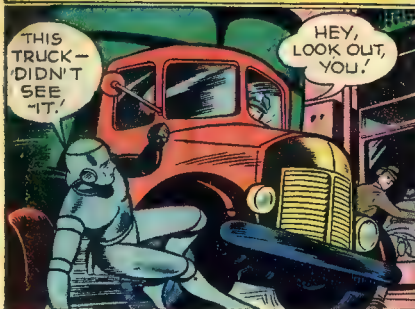
THE BRUTAL, UNEXPLAINED ATTACK PUTS DENNIS IN A PECULIAR DILEMMA AND...



BUT AROUND THE CORNER, THE THUGS MEET A SURPRISE!



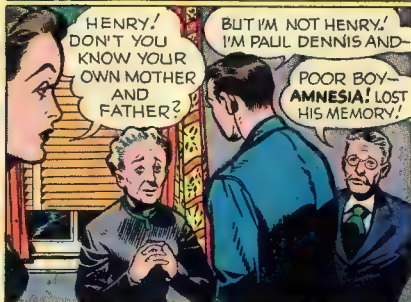
THE THUGS DESPERATELY FLEE, AND AS **ROBOTMAN** PURSUES...



THE NEXT DAY, PAUL DENNIS IS AGAIN ACCOSTED, BUT THIS TIME BY QUITE A DIFFERENT PERSON.



DESPITE PROTESTS, PAUL DENNIS IS TAKEN TO THE GIRL'S HOME...



AND THE WORRIED FAMILY
IMPRISONS PAUL DENNIS
IN A BEDROOM.

THEIR HENRY AND I MUST
BE EXACT **DOUBLES**! THERE'S
ONLY ONE SOLUTION TO THIS
SITUATION... TO FIND THE
REAL HENRY. I'LL WAIT
TILL THE FAMILY GOES
TO BED, THEN SWITCH
TO **ROBOTMAN**!



AND IN THE DEAD OF
NIGHT...

THOSE THUGS WHO ATTACKED
— THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT
PAUL DENNIS WAS HENRY!
WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE IS
HENRY IN? AND HOW
DO I FIND HIM?



THERE FOLLOW HOURS OF
PATIENT SEARCHING THROUGH
THE CITY AND AT LAST...

THAT CHAP,
I'D SWEAR HE
WAS ME.



YOU'RE HENRY
CARTER! YOU'VE
LEFT HOME! SOMEBODY
IS AFTER YOU! I WANT
THE FULL STORY!

ROBOTMAN!
NO... I... WELL, I
GUESS I CAN
TRUST **YOU**!



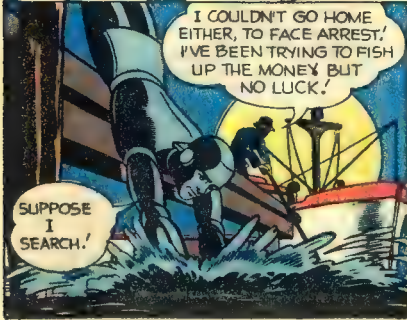
I'M A BANK MESSENGER!
THREE DAYS AGO I WAS
CARRYING \$10,000! THUGS
TRAILED AND CHASED ME! TO
KEEP THE MONEY FROM THEM,
I THREW THE BRIEFCASE THERE,
IN THE RIVER!

I SEE! AND THE
THUGS ARE STILL
AFTER YOU TO
TELL THE EXACT
SPOT!

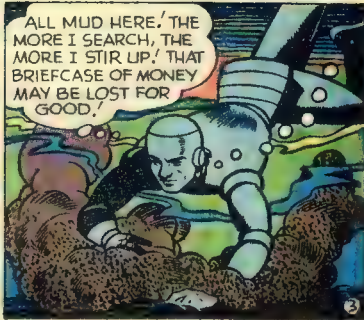


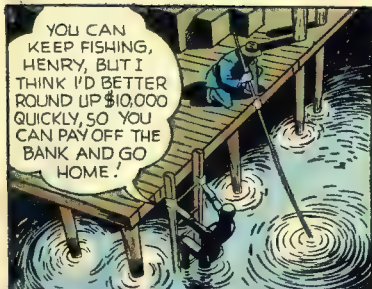
I COULDN'T GO HOME
EITHER, TO FACE ARREST!
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FISH
UP THE MONEY BUT
NO LUCK!

SUPPOSE
I
SEARCH!



ALL MUD HERE! THE
MORE I SEARCH, THE
MORE I STIR UP! THAT
BRIEFCASE OF MONEY
MAY BE LOST FOR
GOOD!





YOU CAN KEEP FISHING, HENRY, BUT I THINK I'D BETTER ROUND UP \$10,000 QUICKLY, SO YOU CAN PAY OFF THE BANK AND GO HOME!

CAN **ROBOTMAN** MAKE GOOD? CAN HE SOMEHOW GATHER THAT HUGE SUM OF MONEY IN A SHORT TIME?

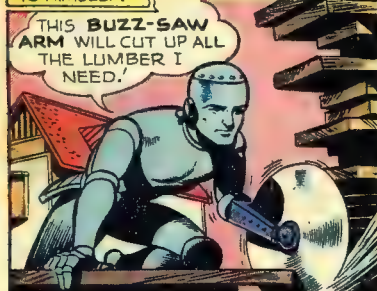


THE NEXT DAY...

WHAT WILL I PAY YOU TO FINISH THIS WHOLE ROW OF HOUSES? WHAT I'D PAY MY WORKERS, IF I COULD GET ANY!

MAKE IT \$10,000 AND I'M YOUR MAN!

THE MAN OF METAL HAS BROUGHT ALONG A WHOLE CHEST OF SPECIAL ATTACHMENTS TO HIMSELF!



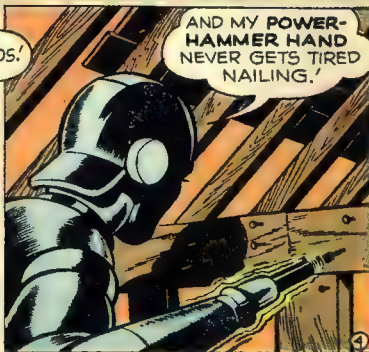
THIS **BUZZ-SAW ARM** WILL CUT UP ALL THE LUMBER I NEED!



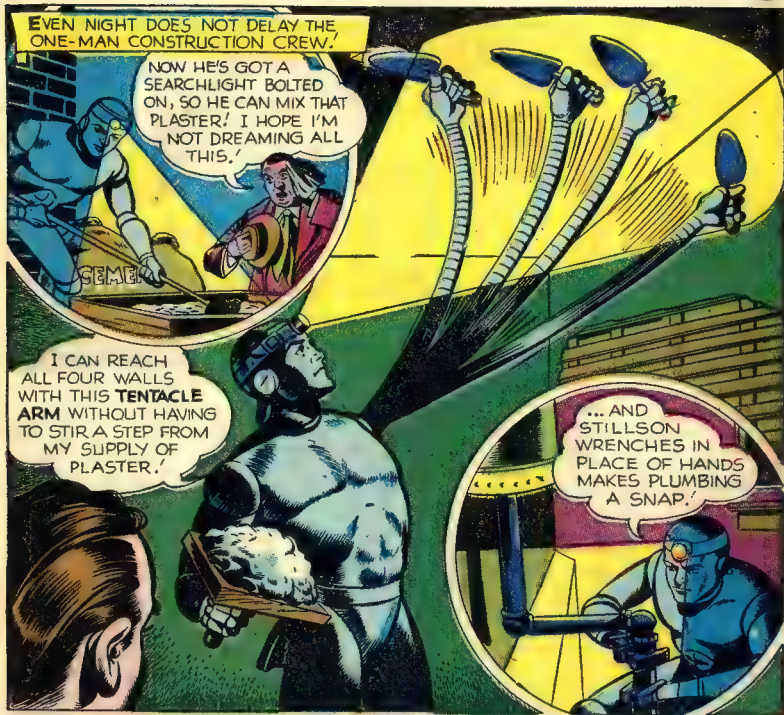
NOW TO DISTRIBUTE THE SUPPLIES WITHOUT LOSING TIME. **WHEELS ARE FASTER THAN FEET!**



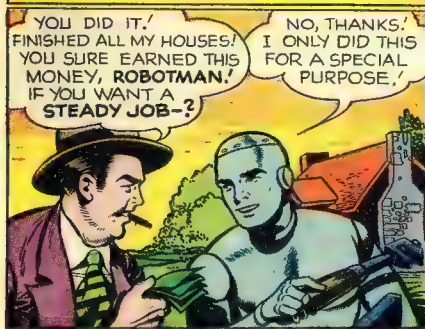
WITH THESE **STILT LEGS**, I CAN DO WITHOUT SCAFFOLDS! I CAN REACH ANY HEIGHT!



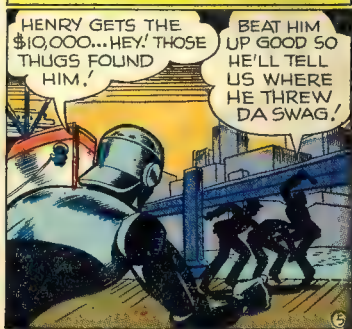
AND MY **POWER-HAMMER HAND** NEVER GETS TIRED NAILING!

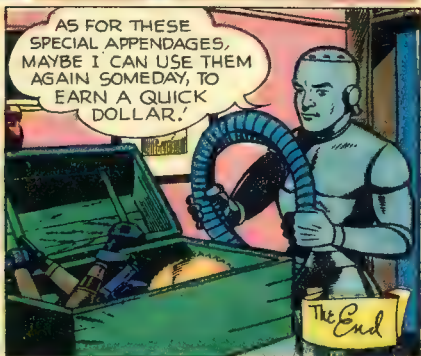
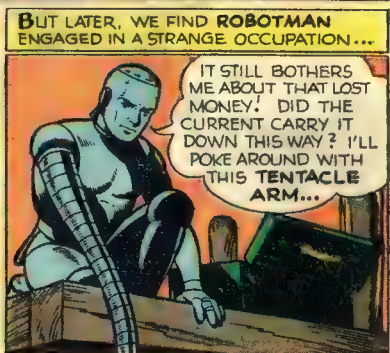
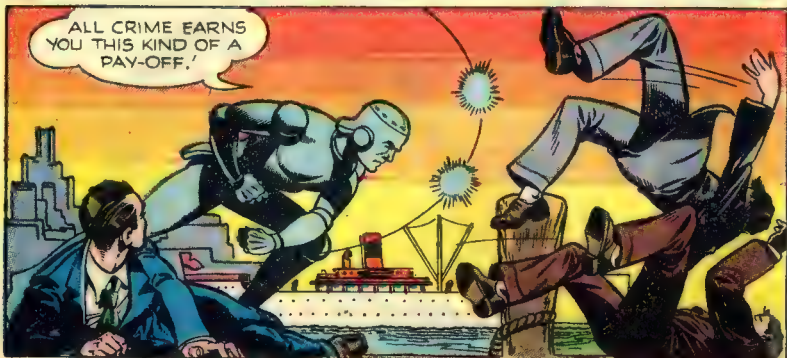


BY NOON THE NEXT DAY...



LATER-AT THE WATERFRONT...





WOW!

CUT-OUT MODEL OF "DAYLIGHT" TRAIN

ON BOTTOM OF
KELLOGG'S VARIETY

MODEL OVER
3 FEET LONG

A FAVORITE TRAIN
OF FILM STARS

6,000 H.P. - LARGEST
STEAM LOCOMOTIVE ON
REGULAR RUNS IN U.S.A.

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BEGIN YOUR
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Easy to put together!**

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All your folks will help you eat up Kellogg's Variety—the pick-n-choose pack. 10 generous servings—7 crisp, mouth-watering cereals. Remind Mom . . . Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE . . . start your train today!

Mother Knows *Kellogg's* Best!

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For ACTION!



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AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!



SLAM BRADLEY

VERY OFTEN IT TAKES A DOGCATCHER TO CATCH A DOG, BUT HERE'S A NEW TWIST—IT TAKES A DOG TO CATCH A DOGCATCHER! BUT THAT'S BECAUSE THOSE TWO SLY DOGS OF DETECTIVES, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, KNOW HOW TO INDULGE IN CANINE CAPERS IN WHICH ONE OF THEM—GUESS WHO—BECOMES...

DOG FOR A DAY!



IN THE PEDIGREE PETSHOP, WHERE SOCIETY FOLK BUY ANIMAL PETS...

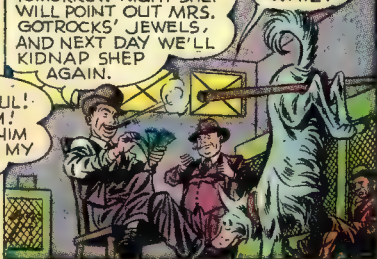
HE'S CLEVER, SHEP IS, CAN DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK, MRS. GOTROCKS. AND! ONLY A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

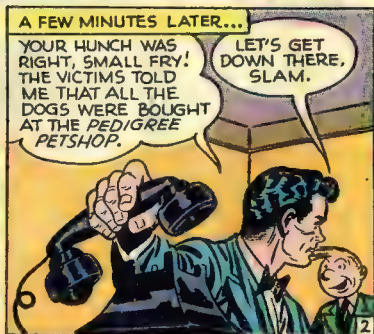
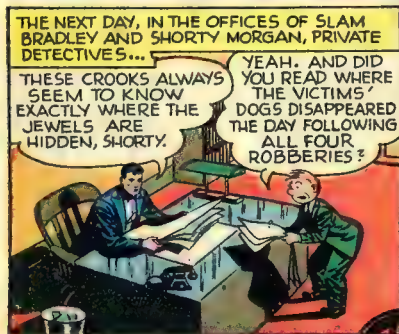
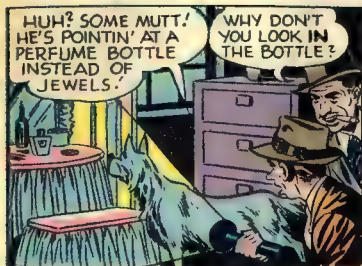
HE'S WONDERFUL! I'LL BUY HIM! KINDLY SEND HIM RIGHT OUT TO MY HOME.

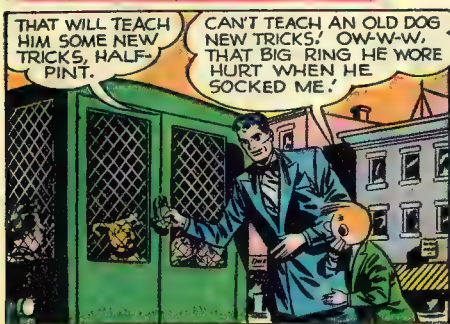
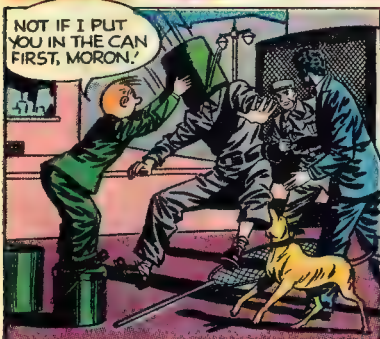
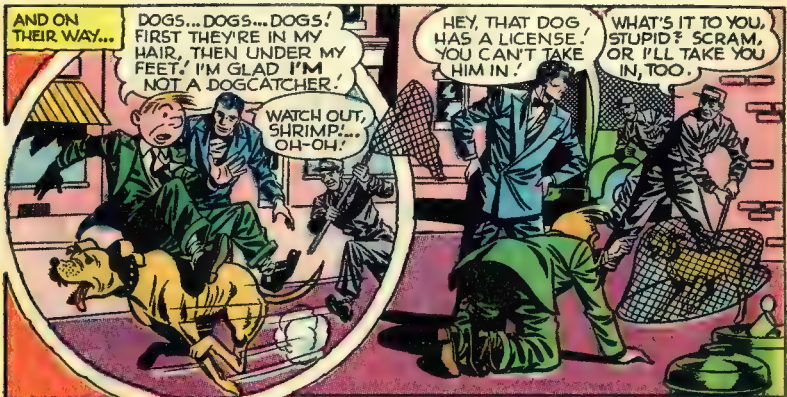
LATER...

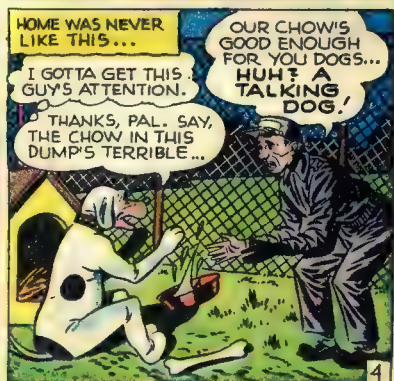
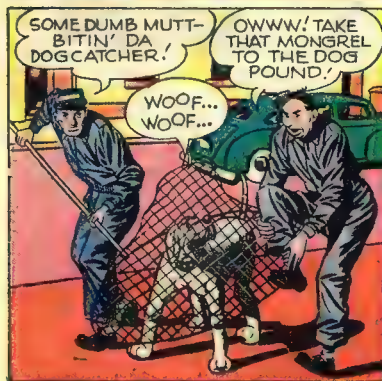
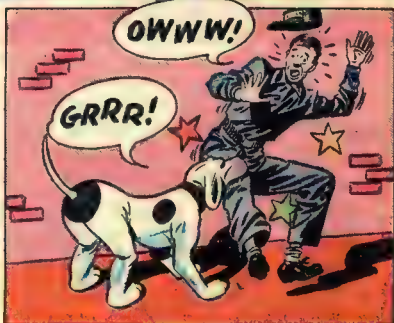
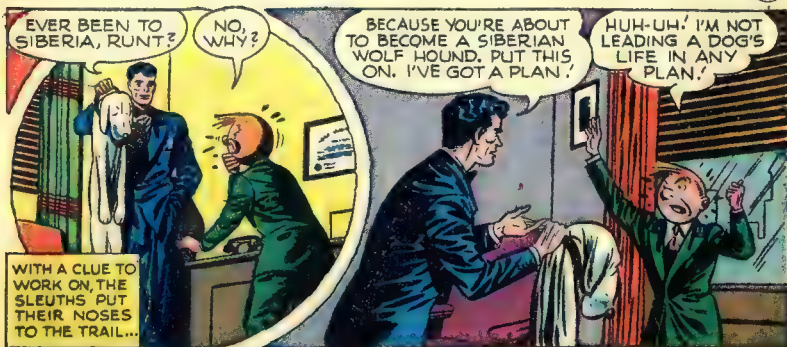
WELL, THAT'S OUR NEXT JOB, MEN. TOMORROW NIGHT SHEP WILL POINT OUT MRS. GOTROCKS' JEWELS, AND NEXT DAY WE'LL KIDNAP SHEP AGAIN.

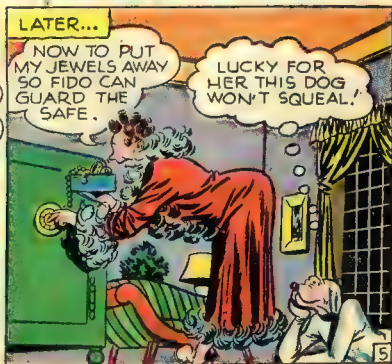
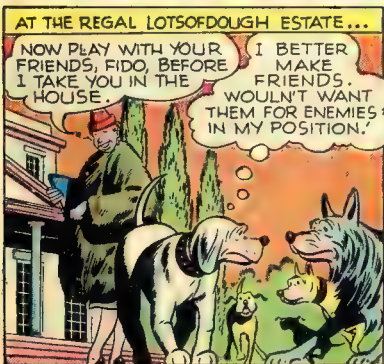
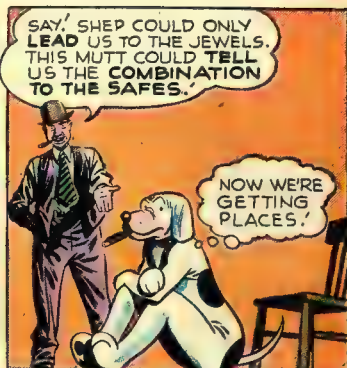
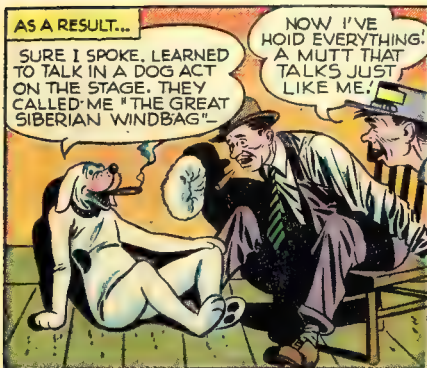
BULL, YOU'RE A WHIZ!

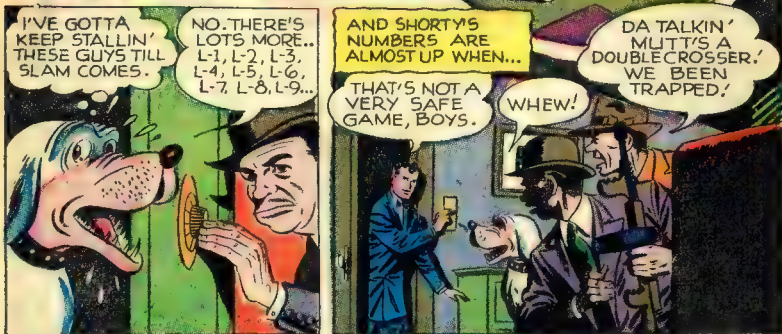
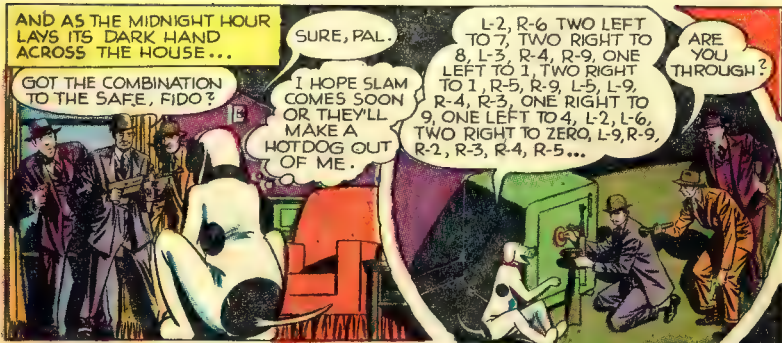


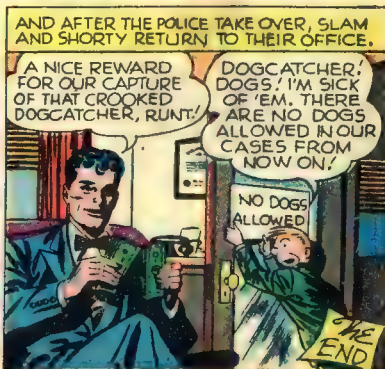
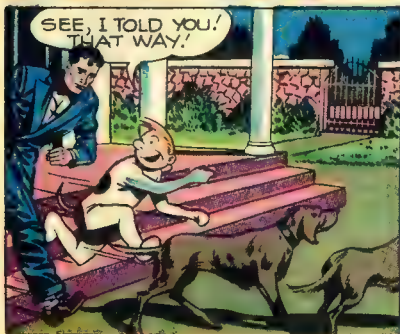












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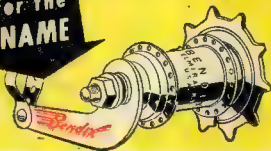
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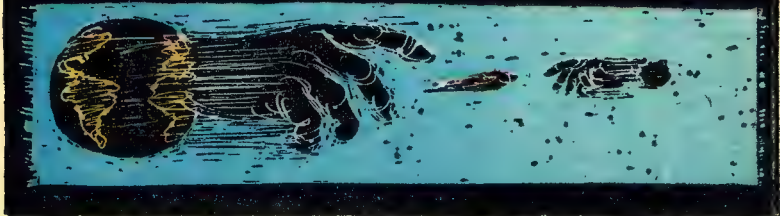
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TO THE MOON AND BACK



“**R**IGHT this way, folks! Get your tickets for your ninety-eight hour trip to the Moon! Hurry, hurry, folks! The Spaceship leaves in fifteen minutes!” . . . Of course future ticket vendors may not sound like the one above. But Spaceship travel is a possibility!

Let's think a moment about the greatest enemy of *all* travel—gravity. Gravity holds us back on land, sinks us in the water, plummets us earthward from the air. In books of science fiction, we find gravity “repellents,” “screens,” and all kinds of magic metals and inventions that dissolve or overcome the force of gravity. Are such devices possible? No.

The reason is that to overcome gravity, you must overcome the *whole* of Earth's gravity. The earth's gravity pull is 6,378,000 pounds against each and every pound that wants to pull away from it. If you weigh 120 pounds, your “magic metal” invention would have to be strong enough to battle 120 times 6,378,000 pounds—or the earth's entire gravity force against your weight. Well, suppose you did have such a metal—what about your body? Could it possibly *stand* a tug of 120 times 6,378,000 pounds? Of course not. If it could, you'd

probably be strong enough to jump off to any planet in the first place!

So science tells us that the only way to overcome gravity is by *gradual power*—a steady continuous battle against the pull, until we are finally free of the outermost clutches of Earth's attraction. In an airplane or a boat, we overcome only a small part of gravity. To reach the moon, we must overcome all of it.

The only way to do this is by power. Well, science knows how much power is necessary for such a trip. And it knows that the whole power cannot be concentrated in one huge cannon blast, else the passengers would be squashed to jelly. So the Spaceship's speed must increase gradually—by rocket power, for example—to protect the occupants. Sudden *acceleration*, or *increasing* speed too rapidly, is what is dangerous to life—not speed itself. Right this moment we are all traveling 20 miles per second with the sun and another 20 miles per second around the sun!

Now let us watch a scientifically possible trip to the moon and back.

The moon-rocket or Spaceship is about one third the height of the Empire State

Building. The size has been carefully considered for fuel, food, water, distance, and time. The launching signal is sounded, and up and off goes the Spaceship. Now comes the problem of acceleration. The earth's pull on the ship is 7 miles per second. So the ship must go slightly faster than that to get completely free of gravity and out into space. But this must be done gradually so as not to harm the passengers. Careful tests in acceleration have proved that humans can stand a step-up in speed that will allow the ship to be free of earth in ten minutes. So ten minutes after the take-off, the moon-ship is out in the void, headed straight for the moon.

The whole trip will take close to 98 hours, and now, free of the earth-pull, the ship travels almost altogether on momentum. But not entirely. For the earth exerts *some* slight pull until the ship has passed the line between moon gravity and earth gravity.

The gravity line is passed, and now the spaceship is "falling" toward the moon. But the moon, being smaller than the earth, has less gravity attraction and pulls the ship towards its surface at only *two* miles per minute.

Even so, something must be done about a safe landing, so the ship is turned around by means of a gyroscopic motor, and continues falling moonward *rear-first*. When near its surface, the rockets are started and gradually stepped up to 2 miles per second, to fight the moon's pull, so that the ship settles on the surface with a velocity of zero, light as a feather; ninety-eight hours in all.

Now for the return trip.

To return to Earth, the pilot must step up acceleration to a speed slightly over 2

miles per second, since we have seen that this is Moon's gravity pull. Up goes the ship into the void, until it reaches Earth's gravity line. And now comes one of the oldest scares in space fiction and story-telling—will not the earth-pull, the terrific speed of 7 miles per second, plus the 2 miles per second momentum from the moon, burn the spaceship to a cinder in Earth's dense atmosphere? Or, is there enough fuel left to ease the descent by turning the ship and using the rockets?

The answer is that 7 or even 9 miles per second is only about a fifth of the speed that causes meteorites to heat up in our atmosphere. And even then meteorites do not heat up all at once. While in the outer fringes of earth's air, there is not enough friction generated. And it is this fact that will enable the moon-ship pilot to make a gradual "cool" descent with no consumption of fuel. Fuel at this stage of the trip will be low. So this is what the pilot does: he points the ship so that it will merely graze earth's atmosphere about 250 miles from its surface. The ship will shoot by and out into space again, but the earth's pull and atmosphere will have slowed it down so that it will not be free of Earth's gravity from then on. It will be drawn back again and again, in a course resembling an egg-shaped circle. And each time it passes Earth, its speed will be slowed more and more, and pulled in nearer and nearer—until, finally, the ship remains entirely in the Earth's atmosphere and is landed by releasing a huge parachute. And there's the trip. Ninety-eight hours to the moon; ninety-eight hours to return—plus one day, for the egg-shaped slowing-up course around the earth.

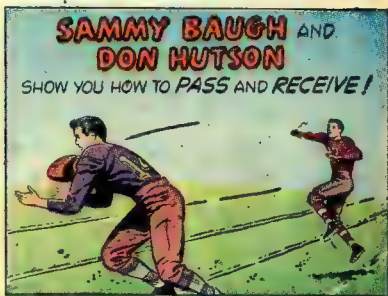
All aboard! Who wants to go to the moon?



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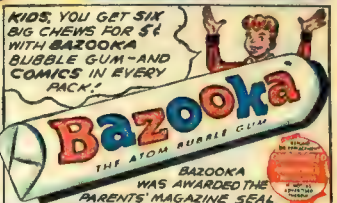
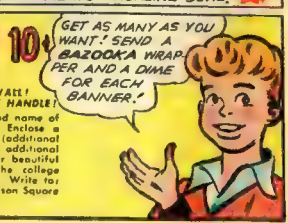
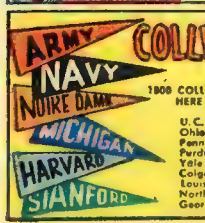
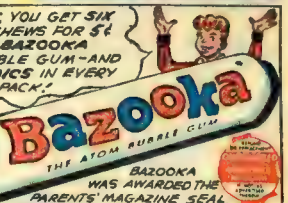
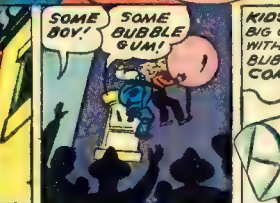
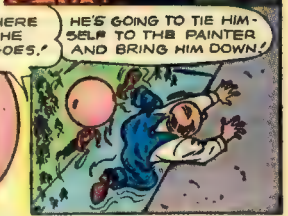
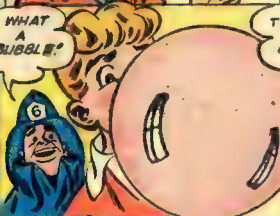
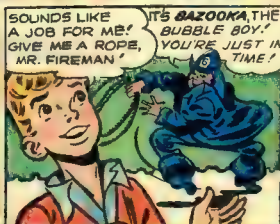
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THE ATOM

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The BOY COMMANDOS

MY NAME IS JUMBO MILLER...MY BUSINESS IS ANY NIFTY RACKET. JUST LATELY I FOUND A CORKER. YOU OUGHT TO SEE ME NOW. I'M A BIG-SHOT SOUTH OF THE BORDER-- IN A PLACE WHERE EVEN THE **COMMANDOS** CAN'T NOSE IN AN' SPOIL A GOOD THING!!
GET READY FOR SOME RUN,
'CAUSE I'M....

THE DIGITATOR FROM ALCATRAZ!!

LOOK AT 'EM!
 THOUSANDS OF PEONS!
 ALL MY LOYAL
 SUBJECTS...BY
 RIGHT OF
 CONQUEST!

YEAH, YOU'RE
 TH' BIG NOISE
 OF DIS WHOLE
 TWO-BIT COUNTRY,
 JUMBO! AND
 DESE GUNS'LL
 KEEP YOU
 ON TOP!!

NOT IF RIP
 CARTER AND THE
BOY COMMANDOS
 CAN HELP IT!



NIGHT FALLS OVER ALCATRAZ PRISON ...
AND OFF-SHORE LIES A SLOOP SWAYING
RESTLESSLY WITH THE TIDE

IT'S ALMOST NINE!
JUMBO MILLER
SHOULD BE HERE
ANY MINUTE!

CHECK! BRRR-R-
NO WONDER THEY
CALL THIS PLACE
THE BIG ROCK!



WHILE IN THE PRISON, TWO MEN WORK
FEVERISHLY IN THE SHADOWS OF THE LAUNDRY,
PUSHING A DRAIN VAT ACROSS THE FLOOR.

WE'VE GOT TO HURRY
BEFORE THEY MISS US
AT CHECK-UP! YA SURE
THAT GRATING UNDERNEATH
IS LOOSE?

SURE, JUMBO! I
BEEN WORKIN' ON
IT SECRETLY FOR
THREE NIGHTS!



THEN ...

SEE! EVERY NIGHT I BEEN HANGIN'
BACK FOR A FEW MINUTES
WORKIN' ON THE BOLTS! LAST
NIGHT I NEARLY GOT CAUGHT....

SHUT UP! I DON'T WANT TO
HEAR YOUR LIFE STORY!
LET'S GO!



ABRUPTLY...

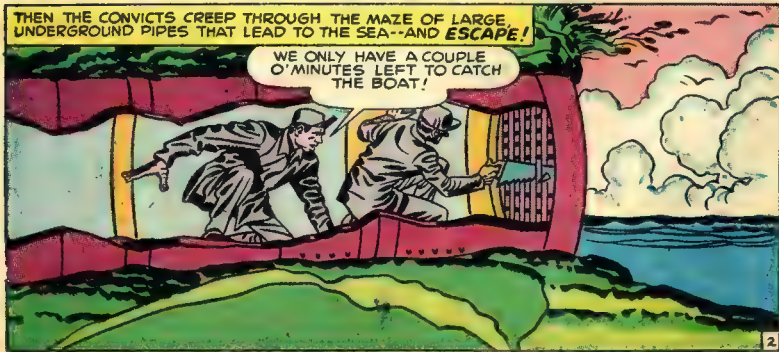
OKAY, PETE, NOW PULL!
WE'LL SLIP THE VAT BACK
OVER THE GRATING AN'
THEY WON'T KNOW HOW WE
CRACKED OUT OF HERE!

I GOTTA HAND IT
TO YA, JUMBO!

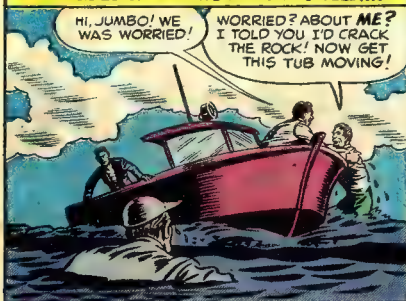


THEN THE CONVICTS CREEP THROUGH THE MAZE OF LARGE
UNDERGROUND PIPES THAT LEAD TO THE SEA--AND **ESCAPE!**

WE ONLY HAVE A COUPLE
O' MINUTES LEFT TO CATCH
THE BOAT!



THE CONVICTS SWIM MOST OF THE WAY UNDER WATER TO A DISTANT POINT WHERE THE POWER BOAT GLIDES UP WITH ITS MOTOR MUFFLED....



HI, JUMBO! WE WAS WORRIED!

WORRIED? ABOUT ME? I TOLD YOU I'D CRACK THE ROCK! NOW GET THIS TUB MOVING!

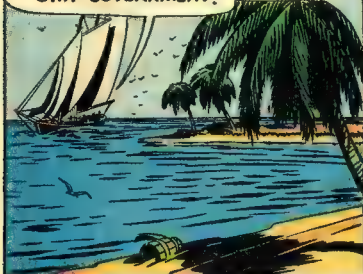
THEN, BEFORE DAWN, THE SLOOP SAILS SOUTH BEFORE A STRONG WIND....



HEY! AIN'T WE HEADIN' HOME?

YEAH-- BUT A NEW HOME! A TWO-BIT PLACE IN SOUTH AMERICA CALLED BODOLIA, WHERE SOME OF MY BOYS ARE ARRANGIN' A SPECIAL HOMECOMIN'!

THIS BODOLIA IS SOMETHIN' LIKE THE BIG TOWN! YOU MOVE IN AN' TAKE OVER, THEN YOU RUN THINGS YOUR OWN WAY! YOU SEE, BOYS, I'M GOIN' TO SET UP MY OWN GOVERNMENT!



A WEEK LATER, THE SLOOP LANDS AT A BODOLIAN PORT-- WHERE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITS...

WELCOME, JUMBO! I GOT THINGS ALL LINED UP! I HIRED ALL THE NATIVE BANDITS, PLUS OUR OWN MEN-- AND WE'RE READY TO TAKE OVER, YOU AN' ME!



YOU AN' ME, EH?

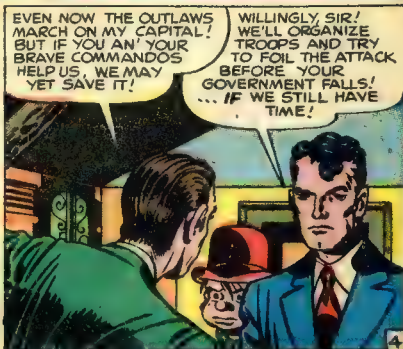
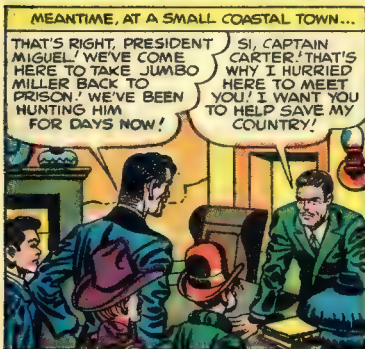
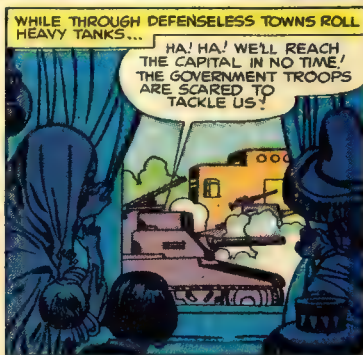
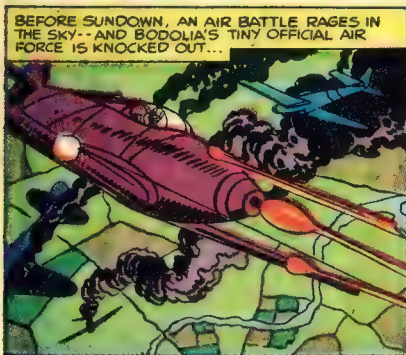
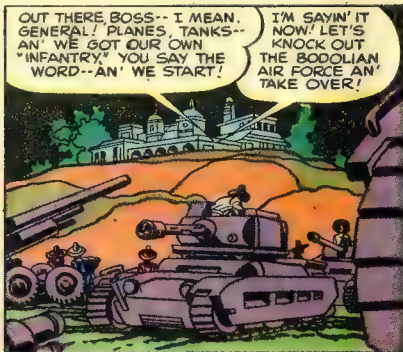
LOOK HERE, SONNY! THERE'S NO ROOM HERE FOR "WE"! I'M HANDLIN' THIS JOB FROM NOW ON! LIKE THIS--



ANYBODY ELSE GOT ANY "WE" IDEAS-- OR ARE YOU WILLIN' TO SEE THIS THROUGH WITH ME ALONE AS BOSS? TALK UP!



YOU'RE IT, JUMBO! YOU'RE THE BIG GEE!





BUT EVEN NOW RIP CARTER IS TOO LATE, FOR AT THE CAPITAL, GOVERNMENT TROOPS CANNOT WITHSTAND A HEAVY TANK ASSAULT...



WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! SEND UP THE INFANTRY NOW!

OKAY, GENERAL! THEY'RE ON THE WAY!



HA, HA! DIS T'ING IS A CINC!

EVEN CAPONE NEVER PULLED DIS STUNT! IMAGINE-- ME TAKIN' OVER A WHOLE COUNTRY! WHAT A CORKIN' IDEA!

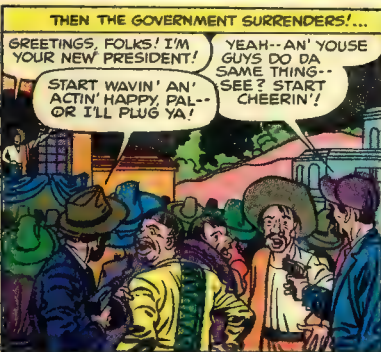


THEN THE GOVERNMENT SURRENDERS!...

GREETINGS, FOLKS! I'M YOUR NEW PRESIDENT!

YEAH--AN' YOUSE GUYS DO DA SAME THING--SEE? START CHEERIN'!

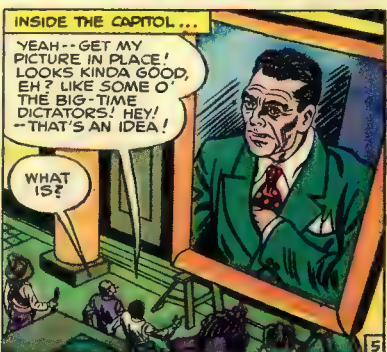
START WAVIN' AN' ACTIN' HAPPY, PAL--OR I'LL PLUG YA!

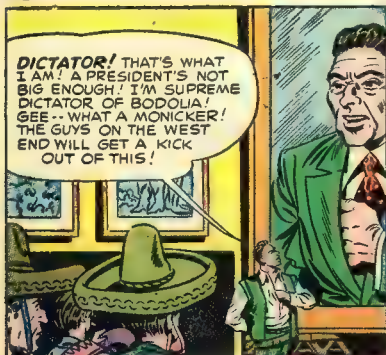


INSIDE THE CAPITOL ...

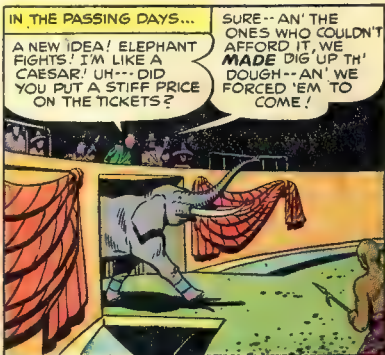
YEAH--GET MY PICTURE IN PLACE! LOOKS KINDA GOOD, EH? LIKE SOME O' THE BIG-TIME DICTATORS! HEY! --THAT'S AN IDEA!

WHAT IS?





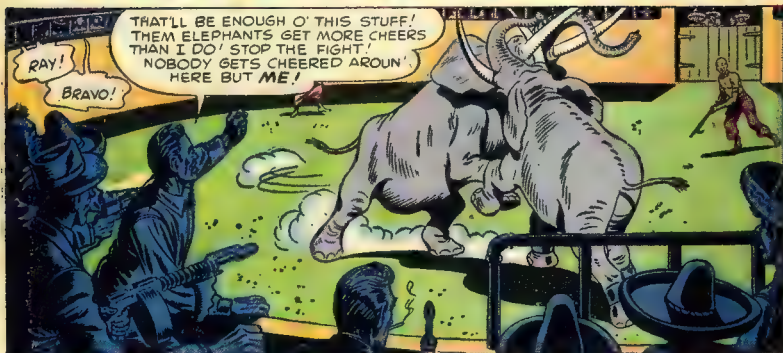
Dictator! That's what I am! A President's not big enough! I'm Supreme Dictator of Bodolia! Gee-- what a monicker! The guys on the west end will get a kick out of this!



IN THE PASSING DAYS...

A NEW IDEA! ELEPHANT FIGHTS! I'M LIKE A CAESAR! UH-- DID YOU PUT A STIFF PRICE ON THE TICKETS?

SURE-- AN' THE ONES WHO COULDN'T AFFORD IT, WE MADE DIG' UP TH' DOUGH-- AN' WE FORCED 'EM TO COME!



THAT'LL BE ENOUGH O' THIS STUFF! THEM ELEPHANTS GET MORE CHEERS THAN I DO! STOP THE FIGHT! NOBODY GETS CHEERED AROUND HERE BUT ME!

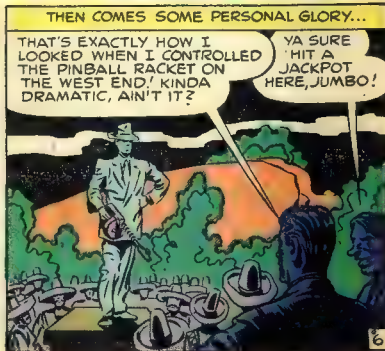
RAY!
BRAVO!



AS FOR THE BUSINESS END OF RUNNING A COUNTRY...

MMM...LET'S SEE-- WE'LL PUT A TAX ON DRINKIN' WATER-- WHICH I OWN, O' COURSE, ALSO A TAX ON SLEEPIN'!

HA, HA! AN' ALSO A TAX ON EATS! WE GOTTA INCLUDE THAT!



THEN COMES SOME PERSONAL GLORY...

THAT'S EXACTLY HOW I LOOKED WHEN I CONTROLLED THE PINBALL RACKET ON THE WEST END! KINDA DRAMATIC, AIN'T IT?

YA SURE 'HIT A JACKPOT HERE, JUMBO!



MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY....

OBSERVE! THE TOWNS ARE CAPTURED... THE CAPITAL HAS FALLEN! OUR AIR FORCE IS GONE AND MY FACTORIES ARE BOMBED! ALL IS LOST, CARTER!

WE AIN'T GONNA LET THAT BUM GET AWAY WIT' IT!



THIS CALLS FOR SOME **COMMANDO** TACTICS, BOYS-- AND THEY'D BETTER BE GOOD! WE'RE GOING IN-- BY OURSELVES --TO GET JUMBO MILLER!

YEAH, RIP? HOW?



IT WON'T BE EASY! SEE THIS SKETCH? THE CAPITAL IS LOCATED ON A HIGH PLATEAU, GUARDED CLOSELY ON ALL SIDES! WE'D NEVER STORM **UP** THE SIDES WITH ANY SUCCESS!

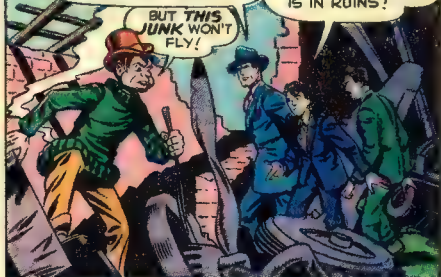
SO?



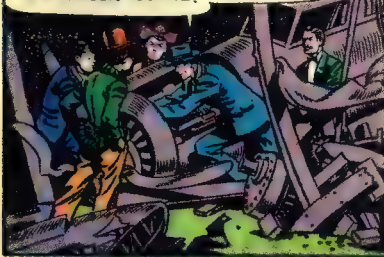
WE COULD MAKE IT WITH PLANES! IN SHORT, WE'D **FLY** OVER THE PLATEAU AND DROP DOWN!

BROOKLYN EES RIGHT! WE HAVE NO PLANES! THIS AIRCRAFT FACTORY IS IN RUINS!

BUT **THIS JUNK** WON'T FLY!



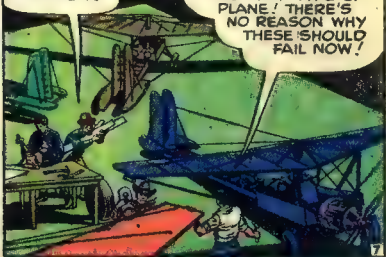
THIS FACTORY MADE MOTORS, AND SOME PARTS ARE STILL IN FAIR SHAPE! SO WE'LL **BUILD** OUR PLANES! THEY'LL BE VERY UNUSUAL-- BUT WE'LL HAVE **PLANES!** START COLLECTING ALL THE OLD LUMBER YOU SEE!



AFTER AWHILE, STRANGE PLANES BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE---

IF DESE T'INGS FLY-- ANYTING CAN HAPPEN!

THE BASIC PRINCIPAL OF FLYING WAS DISCOVERED WITH THIS VERY TYPE OF PLANE! THERE'S NO REASON WHY THESE SHOULD FAIL NOW!



FINALLY, AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF DILIGENT WORK... IT'LL BE SUICIDE TO ATTEMPT ANYTHING BEFORE DARK-- SO WE'LL WAIT! MEANWHILE, WE'LL HOPE FOR THE BEST!

IF THIS SUCCEEDS, SENORS, IT WILL BE A MIRACLE!

THEN, AS DARKNESS FALLS, AVIATION SEEMS TO TURN BACK FIFTY YEARS AS THE SMALL, INCREDIBLE FLEET TAKES OFF...

IF DIS AIRPLANE SCARE-CROW EVER CRACKS UP-- I MIGHT AS WELL START A TOOT-PICK FACTORY!

LUCK'S WITH US! CLOUDS ARE BLOCKING OFF THE MOON! WE'LL GO OVER IN UTTER DARKNESS!

BUT IN A LOOKOUT BALLOON THAT GUARDS THE AIR APPROACHES TO THE CAPITAL-- SOMETHING THAT RIP CARTER HASN'T COUNTED ON...

LISTEN! PLANES COMIN'!

THEY DON'T SOUND LIKE OURS!

BALLOON TO GROUND! STRANGE PLANES COMING UP!

TELL 'EM THEY LOOK LIKE THE WRIGHT BROTHERS'

IN A FEW SECONDS, SLEEK FIGHTER CRAFT ROAR OFF RUNWAYS...

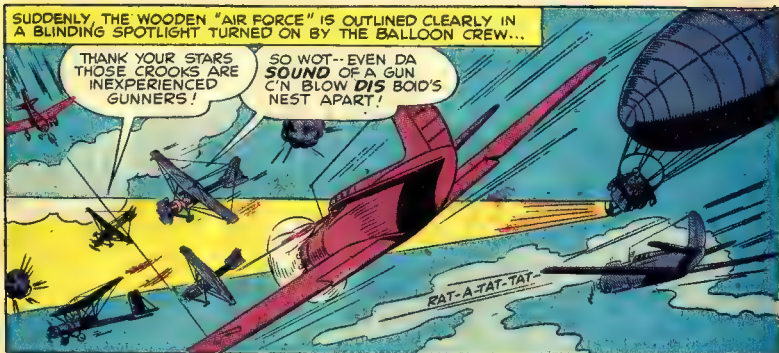
ATTENTION, FIGHTER PLANES! THE DICTATOR SAYS TO SHOOT THEM DOWN!--EITHER THAT, OR DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK!--ROGER--



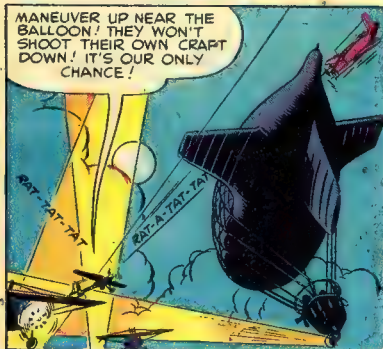
SUDDENLY, THE WOODEN "AIR FORCE" IS OUTLINED CLEARLY IN A BLINDING SPOTLIGHT TURNED ON BY THE BALLOON CREW...

THANK YOUR STARS
THOSE CROOKS ARE
INEXPERIENCED
GUNNERS!

SO WOT-- EVEN DA
SOUND OF A GUN
C'N BLOW *DIS* BOID'S
NEST APART!



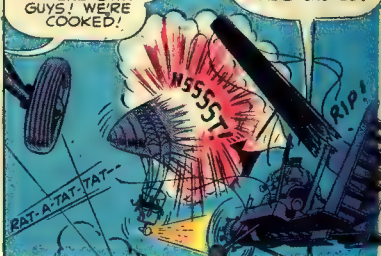
MANEUVER UP NEAR THE
BALLOON! THEY WON'T
SHOOT THEIR OWN CRAFT
DOWN! IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!



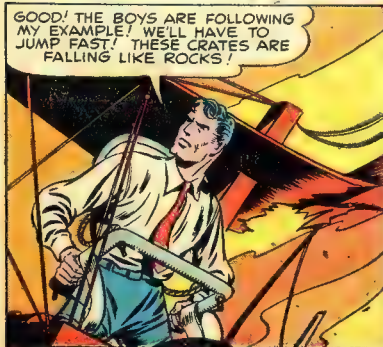
BUT RIP IS WRONG! THE LOOKOUT BALLOON IS
SACRIFICED IN A CHATTERING BURST OF
GUNFIRE!

RIP! DEY SHOT
UP DERE OWN
GUYS! WE'RE
COOKED!

NOW TO TRY
OUR HAND-
MADE CHUTES!



GOOD! THE BOYS ARE FOLLOWING
MY EXAMPLE! WE'LL HAVE TO
JUMP FAST! THESE CRATES
ARE FALLING LIKE ROCKS!



THEN ...

DEY WOIK! WE'RE SHEER
GENIUSES-- I MEAN
PARATROOPERS!



BUT AS RIP FLOATS EARTHWARD, HE SEES HIS FRIENDS CAUGHT IN AN AERIAL TRAP....

JUMPING CAESAR! TWO PLANES WITH A CABLE STRETCHED BETWEEN THEM! AND THEY'VE GOT THE BOYS!

HEY!

IF THE BOYS AREN'T KILLED-- THEY'LL BE CAPTURED! I'LL HAVE TO... OOPS! CRASH LANDING!

SEÑOR! SEÑOR RIP CARTER!

PRESIDENT MIGUEL!

SI, SEÑOR! MY GUERRILLAS AND I SAW THE WHOLE ACTION! WE WERE HIDING IN THE WOODS!

I'M SORRY YOUR FRIENDS SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES FOR US! WHAT CAN WE DO TO REPAY?

I'M NOT SO SURE THEY'RE DEAD --- YET! SEND ONE OF YOUR ABLEST MEN INTO TOWN -- AND HAVE HIM BRING BACK ANY WORD ABOUT MY FRIENDS!

MEANWHILE IN THE CAPITAL OF BODOLIA...

TAKE DESE CHAINS OFF, YA BUM, AN' I'LL PUSH YER FACE IN!

WISE GUY, EH? I'M GOIN' TO SHOW THE PEOPLE THAT I'M BIGGER'N ANY COMMANDO! I'LL HUMILIATE YOU IN PUBLIC! TAKE 'EM OUT!

OUTSIDE ...

SEE, FOLKS! **THESE** ARE THE ONES WHO WERE GOING TO LIBERATE YOU! HAW, HAW, HAW! LOOK AT 'EM NOW!

YER PLAN'S WOIKIN', BOSS!



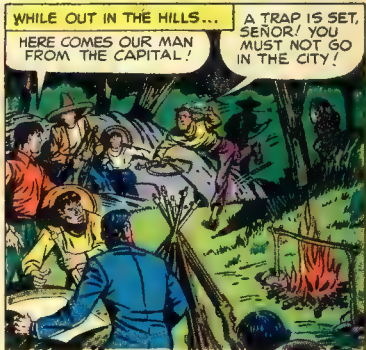
IT'S NOT THESE KIDS I'M AFTER--IT'S **CARTER**! IF SOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S SPIES ARE HERE, THEY'LL TELL CARTER AN' WE'LL LURE HIM HERE!

GOOD IDEA! HE'LL COME RUNNIN' WHEN HE HEARS!



THE "PARADE" ENDS IN A VAST COURTYARD...

LIE DOWN FLAT--BUT KEEP YOUR GUNS HANDY! WHEN CARTER COMES AFTER THE BAIT--LET 'EM HAVE IT! **BLAST 'IM GOOD!**



WHILE OUT IN THE HILLS...

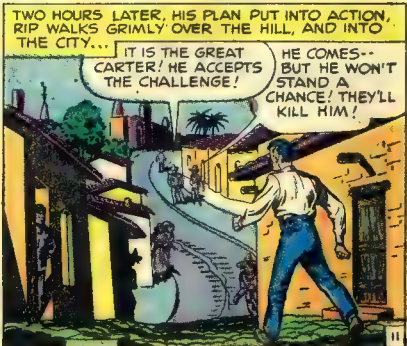
HERE COMES OUR MAN FROM THE CAPITAL!

A TRAP IS SET, SENOR! YOU MUST NOT GO IN THE CITY!



THEN, WHEN RIP HEARS THE WHOLE STORY...

SO THEY'RE ALIVE, EH--AND THEY'RE BEING USED AS A BAIT! WELL, I'M GOING INTO THE CITY--BUT FIRST WE WORK OUT A PLAN! LISTEN CLOSELY...



TWO HOURS LATER, HIS PLAN PUT INTO ACTION, RIP WALKS GRIMLY OVER THE HILL, AND INTO THE CITY...

IT IS THE GREAT CARTER! HE ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE!

HE COMES-- BUT HE WON'T STAND A CHANCE! THEY'LL KILL HIM!

THE TENSE, DRAMATIC MOMENT REACHES A CLIMAX WHEN RIP ARRIVES AT THE COURTYARD GATES...

RIP! DON'T COME IN, PAL! IT'S A TRAP! THEY'LL SHOOT YOU! GO BACK, RIP! PLEASE!



HO, HO! SO YOU'RE HERE, CARTER! IN A MINUTE MY MEN WILL BLAST YOU TO BITS! THEY'RE ALL OVER THE WALL! I'M ORDERING 'EM TO FIRE NOW!



FIRE, YOU IDIOTS! HE'S A SITTING QUAIL! KNOCK 'IM OFF! FIRE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? SHOOT 'IM!

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF YOU, JUMBO!



BUT WHAT JUMBO CAN'T SEE--IS A GRIM SITUATION ATOP THE WALL...

TIMES UP, JUMBO! HERE GOES THE CURTAIN!



DON'T HIT ME AGAIN, CARTER! I'M THROUGH! DON'T HIT ME!

LOOK AT THE "BRAVE" DICTATOR! HA, HA, HA!

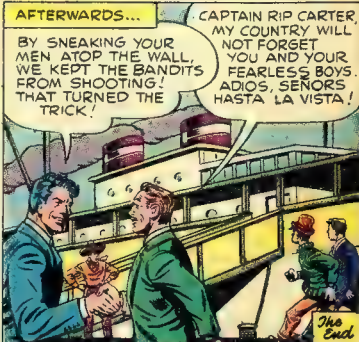
HE TURNED OUT TO BE JUST AS COWARDLY AS HITLER AND MUSSOLINI!



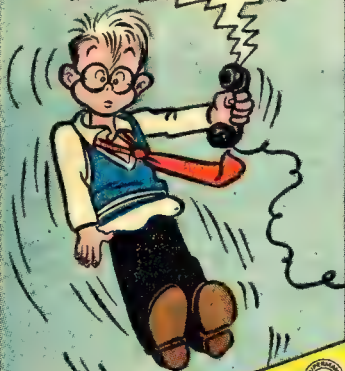
AFTERWARDS...

BY SNEAKING YOUR MEN ATOP THE WALL, WE KEPT THE BANDITS FROM SHOOTING! THAT TURNED THE TRICK!

CAPTAIN RIP CARTER, MY COUNTRY WILL NOT FORGET YOU AND YOUR FEARLESS BOYS. ADIOS, SEÑORS. HASTA LA VISTA!



CONGRATULATIONS,
SCRIBBLY! YOUR FIRST
BOOK WAS AN **ALL-OUT
SELL-OUT!**



GOOD HEAVENS,
SCRIBBLY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
UP THERE?

I CAN'T HELP
IT, MOM-- IT'S
THE WAY I
FEEL!



HELLO..
HELLO??



OCT.-NOV.

No.2

SCRIBBLY
A 82 PAGE MAGAZINE

TEN CENTS



AND YOU'LL BE
FLOATING ON
AIR, TOO WHEN
YOU READ THE
SECOND
WILDCAT
ISSUE OF

SCRIBBLY!



LOOK FOR
IT IN
YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!

Thom McAn Asks:

How Much do You REALLY Know About

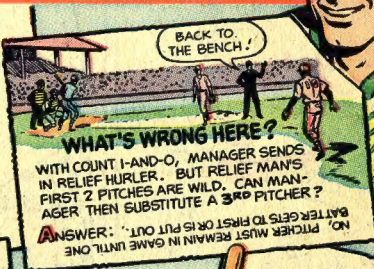
BASEBALL?



SINCE 1920, ONLY 6 BIG-LEAGUE SLUGGERS HAVE HIT OVER .400 FOR ONE SEASON. HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?

ANSWER:

THE 6 ARE TY COBB, HARRY HEILMANN, ROGERS HORNSEBY, GEORGE SISLER, BILL TERRY AND TED WILLIAMS.



WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

WITH COUNT 1-AND-0, MANAGER SENDS IN RELIEF HURLER. BUT RELIEF MAN'S FIRST 2 PITCHES ARE WILD. CAN MANAGER THEN SUBSTITUTE A 3RD PITCHER?

ANSWER: NO. PITCHER MUST REMAIN IN GAME UNTIL ONE BATTER GETS TO FIRST OR IS PUT OUT.



CAN YOU GUESS?

HOW LARGE A HERD OF CATTLE WOULD YOU NEED FOR ALL THE SHOE LEATHER USED BY THOM MCAN IN A YEAR?

ANSWER:

YOU'D NEED A HERD OF 400,000 STEERS! THOM MCAN BUYS FINE LEATHER IN VAST QUANTITIES, PASSES THE SAVINGS ON TO YOU!



IN BASEBALL SLANG, WHAT IS A "BENCH JOCKEY"?

ANSWER:

AND WISE-CRACKS. OPPONENTS WITH NOISE ON THE BENCH AND "RIDES" THE SITS ON THE COACH WHO PLAYER OR



HOW LARGE A BAT CAN YOU USE IN A BIG-LEAGUE GAME?

ANSWER:

UP TO 42 INCHES. BUT MOST PLAYERS USE 34, 35, OR 36-INCH BATS.



FREE! WITH YOUR NEXT PAIR OF THOM MCANS -- THIS BIG ACTION PHOTO OF **BOBBY FELLER** AUTOGRAPHED IN GENUINE FACSIMILE



BOBBY FELLER Photo CERTIFICATE

DO NOT MAIL--GOOD ONLY IN THOM MCAN SHOPS

GIVE THIS TO THE THOM MCAN SHOE FITTER NEXT TIME YOU BUY A PAIR OF THOM MCAN SHOES, AND YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR BOBBY FELLER PHOTO AND QUIZ. DO NOT MAIL--GOOD IN A THOM MCAN SHOP ONLY. EXPIRES DEC. 1, 1948.

YOUR NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

PLUS FASCINATING ILLUSTRATED BASEBALL QUIZ!

BRING THE VALUABLE CERTIFICATE ON THIS PAGE TO ANY THOM MCAN SHOP--AND RECEIVE FREE WITH YOUR NEXT PAIR OF SHOES, A BIG ACTION-PHOTO OF BOBBY FELLER, PLUS A WONDERFUL ILLUSTRATED BASEBALL QUIZ. YOU'LL BE PROUD TO SHOW THIS SWELL PICTURE (AUTOGRAPHED BY BOBBY IN REAL FACSIMILE) TO ALL THE GANG. AND YOU'LL ENJOY STUMPING THEM WITH THE BASEBALL QUESTIONS ON THE BACK!

TEAR OUT THE CERTIFICATE NOW. GET YOUR AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE OF "RAPID ROBERT"---AND ENJOY, TOO, THE RUGGED "HE-MAN" GOOD LOOKS OF A PAIR OF THOM MCANS!

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SHOE

Thom McAn



363 STORES

IN 399 CITIES

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "*Dynamic Tension*." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "**THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN.**"

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension*," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.



**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Holder of title.
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*." Tells all about my "*Dynamic Tension*" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354K, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



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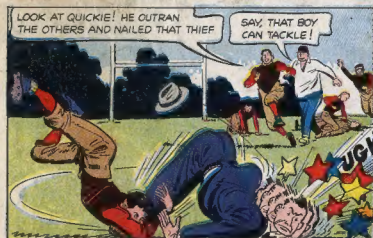
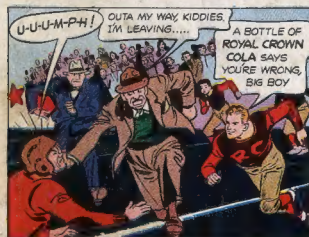
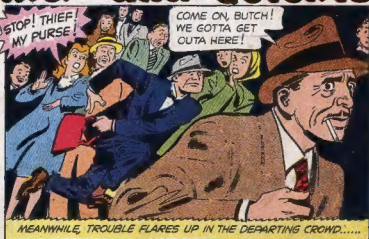
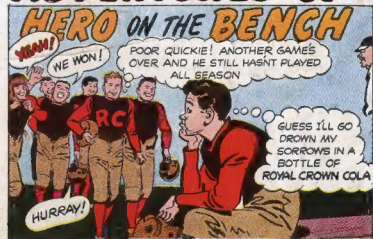
I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN